

CHAPTER 107

August 3, 2011

“Oh man... Kanji is going to have a fit.”

Justin had walked out of his house at the sound of what sounded like a dying cat. He hadn't exactly expected to see Yu and Yosuke sitting outside on what he had to assume were motorcycles. They looked more like scooters than anything; and by that Justin meant they looked god awful. He had half expected Kanji to beat the two up for going full-blown biker; so you could imagine Justin's surprise when Kanji came riding up on a regular bicycle... Wow, that was... uh... Kanji looked very strange on a bicycle; let's just leave it at that. Everyone parked their bikes in front of Justin's house, wide grins on their face. Seemed like they had something awful in mind. As to what? Justin didn't want to know. But given that they were here, he was guessing they were going to tell him regardless of what he wanted.

“Hey Justin; check out our rides. We got our licenses the other day.” Yosuke remarked with pride. It was no secret he had been gunning for a motorcycle. Seemed he was still gunning for it given that he only had a scooter. Point being, you could tell he was thrilled to be sitting on that thing right now. Justin couldn't understand why he would want a scooter though. You'd probably look really dumb on one of those things. If the point was to look cool on a motorcycle, Yosuke had already failed.

“Do I even want to ask?” Justin remarked snidely, climbing down the stairs of his house and up to where the three had parked their bikes. Yosuke almost seemed offended that Justin couldn't see the appeal. Clearly they needed to fill him in on their up close and personal plan. Even a guy like Justin could get behind something like that, right?

“What, haven't you heard?” Yosuke questioned Justin, still a bit confused that he wasn't aware of all the advantages of having a motorcycle. Those things were chick magnets. Not that Justin really needed any help in that category, nor would he WANT help in that category. Still, it's not like Justin couldn't take advantage of all that a motorcycle had to offer. “When they're sitting in back of you it's like a squeeze play!” Justin raised his eyebrow, very clearly not getting what Yosuke was trying to get at.

“Squeeze play?” Justin questioned. He got the part about someone sitting behind you on the bike. He didn't get the squeeze play part. Which was a bit strange when you considered Justin had a very dirty mind. You'd think he'd get the implications almost immediately; but alas, no. Yosuke sighed, rolling his eyes a bit. He didn't

want to outright say it; after all, who knew who could be listening in on their conversation right now.

“C’mon, you know what I mean. I’m talking about how, when there’s a girl sitting behind you on a motorcycle, they press right up against your back.” Yosuke elaborated slightly, enthusiasm in his voice. Clearly he had high expectations of what was going to happen if he showed off his motorcycle around the ladies. Or maybe just THE lady; who knows. That guy was trying to put the moves on a different girl every time Justin checked. All he knew was that last time he checked he was trying to ask some girl out. Justin stared at Yosuke with a confused stare for a moment longer before his eyes widened with realization. Justin wasn’t sure whether he should feel disgusted or fascinated. I mean, of course they pressed up against you, but it shouldn’t be that big of a deal. Of course, Justin being a guy and all, wouldn’t be totally against it; he just wouldn’t be very vocally for it.

“Oh. Oh wow. Okay, uh... wow.” Justin stuttered slightly, very much embarrassed they were talking about this. Words could not describe the amount of disgust he was feeling towards Yosuke right about now. Yosuke apparently took that more as Justin being interested, just very modestly interested. He smiled as he leaned against his bike, praising his bike all the while.

“I think motorcycles are the hot new thing for guys now. Girls like guys who spend time outdoors, right? I couldn’t afford more than a scooter on my budget, but at least it’ll let us get places.” Yosuke patted his bike with pride. Justin crossed his arms a bit as he stared at the trio of guys. Alright, so they got motorcycles... and a bike in Kanji’s case. Surely they weren’t just here to rub it in Justin’s face. And knowing Yosuke, he was probably up to something. In a way he was; he had hoped Maya would have been home and saw his bike, but alas, no. She had been out at the shrine. Not that she was a particularly religious person; she just really took a liking to that fox for some reason. But other than that, his plan was pretty much non-existent.

“Well, we were going to let you in on our ‘up close and personal’ plan, but I’m guessing you don’t have a bike.” Yosuke teased Justin slightly. Justin sighed a bit. He always did want a motorcycle; but with his budget, he just couldn’t afford one. Besides; he didn’t really want any part in their ‘up close and personal’ plan. He had enough of getting caught up in shit with other girls. It was amazing that no matter what he did, somehow someone was getting him in trouble with Chie. “Like I was telling this guy, what a guy needs nowadays to be a big man is first a motorcycle, and then...” Yosuke paused for a moment, expecting someone to ask him what ‘then’ was. He got no response. “A girlfriend.”

“One out of two ain’t bad.” Justin shrugged. Kanji seemed very much irritated at the moment though. He didn’t have a motorcycle, and he didn’t have a girlfriend. Yosuke had pretty much just told Kanji he wasn’t a man; which as we all know, is

something you never want to say to Kanji. Actually, Yosuke brought up an interesting point. What was Yu doing here if he already had both of those things? Apparently looking's free. "So... What, you guys just going to ride around town and expect girls to try and jump on your bike or somethin'?" Justin remarked with sarcasm. Clearly Yosuke didn't get that even with a motorcycle you still have to approach the girl, not the other way around.

"We're going to ride over to Okina Station. We'll roar up on our motorcycles like the badasses we are, and when the chicks come up, we'll play it cool... The pheromones dripping off of us will bring them around in no time." Yosuke recapped his plan to Justin, who in turn looked at him like he was crazy. There was no way in hell any of those guys were going to get a girl doing that.

"F-Feral... Zone...?" Kanji questioned, very much confused as to what Yosuke meant by pheromone. Hell, he didn't even seem to pick up that he was talking about pheromones. Yosuke was very visibly irritated by the question.

"No! We're not going to a cat house, you idiot. I'm talking about PHEROMONES!" Yosuke shouted at Kanji in explanation. Justin couldn't help but chuckle at that. They might as well have just gone to a cat house; they'd get better results that way. "My research shows that a motorcycle is the number one surefire way to increase a man's pheromones."

Justin sighed before turning back around to reenter his house. The trio was very much confused at first; usually Justin had a smartass remark anytime he stormed off like that. They had just sort of assumed he was trying to ignore them and their 'brilliant' plan. The three of them started throwing their helmets back on, ready to depart at any second when Justin came walking back out, a black skateboard underneath his arm. It was old and broken, and there was tape all along the center of the board where he had broken it a while back, but it was still good for getting around. The three of them stared at him with great confusion as he approached the three, plopping the board down on the sidewalk besides them, moving it back and forth with his foot to make sure the wheels were still working.

"Uh... That's not a bike..." Yosuke remarked with bitter sarcasm. Justin rolled his eyes for a moment; still testing to make sure the board would work fine. Something Yosuke hadn't realized was that Justin wasn't in this to pick up chicks, or whatever the hell it was Yosuke thought they were doing. He was going along because apparently none of those three knew what the hell they were doing right now.

"No, but I can't beat someone over the head with a bike, now can I? Now onward!"

"Hello, Okina Station! That was easier than I thought."

Yu, Yosuke, and Justin had all come to a stop outside Okina Station, with Kanji following not too far behind. Yosuke was a bit surprised in all honesty that Justin had been able to keep up on a board, when they had been working with gas power. Though to be fair, he did take a few short cuts; ollieing over corners, and grinding down rails on stair cases. Justin wasn't exactly a great skater, but he knew the basics. Maya was a lot better at him when it came to this stuff; she was the one who taught him after all. There were very few things Maya owned in her name; her iPod was one, her skateboard was the other. Justin felt pretty goddamn awful about breaking her skateboard the first time she let him use it; but he did get her a replacement eventually. He ended up keeping the broken one, patching it up with some tape. And from there, they just sort of did their thing. There was no skate park or anything, so they just skated around the city where they could. After all, you didn't want to skate in a place where cops could see.

"That was a breeze!" Kanji shouted as he finally caught up with the three standing outside Okina station. Yosuke was more than a little shocked Kanji had been able to catch up. Sure, he had heard that he had managed to catch up with bikers before on that thing, but he hadn't actually taken him seriously. And could you blame him? That sounded absolutely preposterous. "It's no sweat keeping up to a couple of guys getting' used to their scooters."

"Psh! If I had run out of gas back there, we'd have left you in the dust!" Yosuke tried to defend the two's scooter prowess. Justin actually kind of appreciated the gas stop; he had time to get something to drink while Yosuke was busy cussing his bike for not having better miles per gallon. "...I shouldn't have cheaped out on gas just so I could have more money to fool around with." Yosuke grimaced slightly as everyone dismounted their bikes and put their helmets aside. Save Justin, because helmets are for pussies. Besides; brain damage actually might be an improvement over what he had now anyway.

"Y'know, I notice every time I come here, there's a lot of people around." Kanji mused aloud.

"Well... yeah?" Justin added snidely. They had everything here, and it was within riding distance if you went by bike, or skateboard in Justin's case. Why wouldn't people want to come here? Hell, Justin was tempted to just leave the three of those to their awful plan and to wander off to do his own thing. Maybe catch a flick or something.

"Yeah, if we hang out around here, I bet someone will come talk to us!" Yosuke shouted. Justin just groaned a bit. That's not how that worked, at all. The guy is always supposed to go up to the girl, and sure there were certainly exceptions, but a bike was not one of them. Basically, Yosuke didn't know how to get a girl in any way shape or form. Justin was starting to feel bad for whoever it was Yosuke had

been sweet on over the last month or two. It must be torture putting up with his 'up close and personal plan.'

"Actually, uh... mind if I head off for a bit? Since I came all the way to Okina, uhh... th-there's this craft shop..." Kanji stammered off, trying to get away for a moment to go buy whatever it was he wanted at the craft store. Yosuke and Yu were giving him a funny look, not very aware that Kanji was into crafts. Kanji noticed too, given that he immediately started to panic. "It's nothin'! I'm just sayin' I gotta go buy some stuff! Anyway, I'm gonna go do my own thing for a bit, so you guys get started without me!" Kanji declared before quickly running off before Yosuke could drill him on what it was he planned on doing. Not that that really stopped Yosuke anyway; it's just that he started questioning the others instead.

"Then... Why'd he come with us...?" Yosuke mused, slightly annoyed that Kanji had run off when they had a carefully worked out plan. Step one, hang near the bikes. Step two, get chicks. Step three, repeat step two. Justin rolled his eyes; he wasn't here for their plan either, but you didn't see Yosuke getting on his back for it. Yu shook his head a bit at the fading image of Kanji running off to some store in the distance.

"Forget him, our plan's more important." Yu remarked, much to Justin's surprise. Apparently it never really struck Yu that he already had a girl back home. And Justin doubted she'd be too pleased to see Yu leading this little operation. Actually, Chie probably would be really pissed off if she found out Justin had gotten involved... Maybe he should have thought through coming here with the rest of the gang.

"You're right! Okay, let's get this plan underway!" Yosuke declared as the two sat their asses back down on their bike. Justin rolled his eyes at them, moments away from telling them that what they were doing was stupid. And then curiosity struck him. He wondered how long it would take them to realize sitting on their bikes wasn't going to get them any girls. And so, while those two waited, Justin skated around the parking lot, watching the time fly by, curious to see how long they'd last before they gave up on their horrible plan.

Three hours passed.

Three fucking hours. And they still hadn't given in; they just sat there waiting and waiting. It had gotten to a point where Justin really wasn't sure whether he should intervene or not. If he didn't, they could sit like that for days on end hoping some girl would finally go up to them. And if they died of starvation, Justin was not going to be the one to break the news to Yukiko that her boyfriend died trying to pick up chicks. Thankfully, Kanji came running back... three hours later. How long did it take to pick up a few things from a craft shop. Whatever; at least it snapped Yu and Yosuke out of their daze.

“Sorry to make you guys wait! I couldn’t decide which one to get...” Kanji trailed off with enthusiasm before noticing that Yu and Yosuke were wallowing about in self pity as they noticed their plan wasn’t working. “No luck, huh?” Kanji questioned, as Justin rolled up to where everyone else was, skidding his board to a stop just as he made it to the curb. It should have been obvious they hadn’t gotten anywhere, but then, perhaps it would do those two some good to have it rubbed in their face how bad their plan was.

“This is so weird. I think someone’s watching us from somewhere, though...” Yosuke mused aloud in denial. He had to convince himself that SOMEONE was watching them on their bikes, otherwise all of this was for naught. I mean, if he couldn’t even get a glance from some strangers, how was he going to impress Maya what this thing? Yu nodded with slight agreement, trying to convince himself that Yosuke was correct.

“Oh that? That’s just Yukiko watching you try to pick up other girls.” Justin teased Yu. Yu turned bright red almost immediately. It wasn’t like he was trying to hook up with anyone, he just wanted to see if he COULD. Get a number or two or something. It sounded like it would be fun, after all. This? Not so much? Yu sighed tossing his leg over his bike, as though ready to drive off. Yosuke in response immediately jumped off his bike in an attempt to get him off that bike. He needed his wingman for this. I mean, more bikes meant more chances of girls taking notice, right?

“H-Hold on! I’m sure if we hang around a little longer...” Yosuke pleaded with Yu, trying to force him off that bike.

“Dude, the sun’s gonna set... Maybe there’s some holes in your plan after all.” Kanji pointed out the obvious. Their entire plan consisted of sitting on their asses and hoping the girls would just come running into their laps. “You said every guy needs a motorcycle, but that thing’s a scooter. Does it, like, not matter what kind of motorcycle it is, as long as you got one?”

“The problem isn’t the motorcycle; though that scooter’s certainly not helping.” Justin interrupted Kanji’s musings as to what had gone wrong with the plan, pointing out what should have been obvious to all three of them. Girls don’t care about motorcycles; and they certainly aren’t going to hop in bed with you just because you own one. “The problem is that you’re expecting the girls to do all the work. You have to actually talk to them. Scary, I know.” Kanji rubbed at his chin slightly as Justin scolded the two of them for their stupid ass plan.

“Senpai, can you give me ten minutes? I can’t keep quiet after getting’ shut out like this. I’ll avenge you guys!” Kanji shouted with determination. He had no intention of leaving her without someone getting laid- sorry, getting someone to admire their bikes. No one was getting laid that day. Except maybe Kanji if he played his cards right. As much of a perv as Yosuke was, he wouldn’t dare try to push for anything more than a little ‘squeeze play’ as he liked to call it apparently.

"This isn't a fight, you know. What're you gonna do to 'avenge' us? Hit on some girls?" Yosuke scolded with pure irritation. How the bikes hadn't worked was beyond him. Everything he had known about bikes and women was a lie apparently. Justin smirked, giving Kanji a slight nod of support, throwing his fist up in cheer. Who would have thought that Kanji would know more about getting a girl than any of them. Well, except maybe Justin; but he wasn't really trying to, so yeah.

"Hell yeah! How else would I fix this?" Kanji remarked bravely. He had determination, that much was for sure. Justin was almost touched by the courage he was exhibiting. He'd be a little more touched if his bravery had been directed towards something other than getting some from the ladies. Of course, given that this was Kanji, it was nice to see him coming out of his shell a little bit. Just so long as no one mentions hot springs around him again... That was something.

"C'mon... We have motorbikes and we failed. There's no way you could do better. Right?" Yosuke tried to dismiss Kanji's attempts at 'avenging' them. If they couldn't do it after all their planning, after all the money they had thrown into their efforts, and Kanji thought he was going to beat them just by hitting on some girls. Yu got off his bike, a determined expression on his face as he planted both feet on the ground.

"All I need is three minutes." Yu bragged. He was dead serious too; he honestly thought he could snag a girl's number in a matter of three minutes. Justin barely was able to hold back the laughter for that, though Yu did hear a chuckle or two slip out while he tried to hold back his giggles. It took Yu months just to build up the courage to ask Yukiko out. How was he going to do it with a complete stranger, knowing full well he was already in a relationship anyway.

"What're you saying!?" Yosuke panicked.

"Even instant ramen takes five minutes to make!" Kanji remarked with wide eyes. Apparently getting a girl was the equivalent of cooking ramen. By this point Justin had given up trying to correct their views on women and dating. They seemed completely clueless. But then, Justin wasn't exactly much better, so he shouldn't be talking right now. "Now that's my senpai! Let's make this a contest. I'll show you clowns how a real man gets it done!" Kanji declared, much to Justin's disgust. Alright, so now it was also just a game to these three. Fantastic.

"Calm down! This is turning into something we've all got a stake in!" Yosuke shouted, nervously trying to back away from the challenge Kanji had just issued. Justin didn't blame him, though clearly they were denying the challenge for entirely different reasons. "I mean, do you realize what you're saying? This means we're the ones that have to approach the girls."

"Heaven forbid." Justin remarked snidely.

"That just sounds lame... and I doubt it'll go well for us..." Yosuke mused aloud. So far approaching girls directly to get them on a date hadn't worked much in Yosuke's favor. The first time he chickened out, the second time the Midnight Channel had ended up ruining everything. Justin nodded in slight agreement as he leaned against his skateboard. Kanji wasn't having any of that shit out of those two though. They were going to compete whether they liked it or not. It was amazing how he had managed to convince them in a simple two words:

"Ya chicken?"

"That's not what I mean..." Yosuke stuttered slightly. Justin shot Kanji a slight glare, as though asking him to say that again to his face. He was no chicken; he just had enough respect to not ask girls for their numbers when he had no intention of calling them. And besides, what did he gain from competing in this competition? The title of King of Swag?

"All we gotta do is ask them to be our friend. And then make 'em say 'yes.' Nothin' to it." Kanji continued to try and convince the two. Yosuke sighed in defeat after a while, though Justin was still firmly holding his ground on the matter. He outright refused to ask anyone for their numbers while he was here. If those three wanted to murder each other over who could pick up more chicks, let them, but Justin was staying out of this.

"Well, I guess there's nothing to lose..." Yosuke pouted slightly, very clearly not wanting in on this. Kanji was enthused to see he had convinced one of them; now that only left Justin. He was certainly going to be a lot more difficult to convince, there was no denying it.

"That's the spirit, Senpai! And you-"

"No." Justin cut Kanji off immediately. He wasn't even willing to hear his proposal.

"But-"

"No." Kanji sighed after a moment. Justin had his mind set already; and while he had hoped to convince him, he couldn't do that if Justin wouldn't even let him talk. At best he could hope that his losing conditions would be enough to tempt Justin into putting him in his place. Even though he had no intention of losing, and certainly wasn't going to lose to Yosuke.

"Well... If I lose, I'll run around the block in nothin' but my underwear and those gag glasses Yukiko-senpai had!" Justin raised his eyebrows at that. Kanji thought that might catch his attention. Justin would be lying if he said he didn't want to see that. And everyone noticed; they just had to give him a little extra push.

"C'mon man, you don't have to call them or anything. Just give their number to one of us." Yosuke continued to try and prod Justin into joining. Justin in turn shot Yosuke a glare. That was the stupidest goddamn thing he had heard in a long time.

"Yeah, because I'm sure they totally wouldn't be able to tell the difference between me and you." Justin rolled his eyes. He was ready to march off to avoid discussing this any further, when he was stopped by something he hadn't expected. Yosuke had turned to the drastic; he had donned the puppy dog eyes on Justin. He had seen it before; when he had tricked Chie into giving him her noodles. Never did he think those deadly, mesmerizing eyes would be turned to him. Never did he think he'd actually be tempted by them. I mean, it wasn't exactly as charming as when Chie did it, but oh god was it stopping him dead in his tracks. Yosuke looked like a heartbroken toddler who got coal in his stocking on Christmas. "...You monster."

"Pretty pleassssse?" Yosuke remarked, raising his voice an octave or two in an attempt at trying to appeal to Justin's natural attraction to anything even remotely adorable. For a hardass, he sure seemed to fall for cute easily. Justin stood their jaw open as Yosuke tried to push him into joining their contest. And even though every fiber of his being said to run before those eyes did their work, it was much too late. They had already worked their charm and paralyzed Justin where he stood. Justin bit his bottom lip trying to force back the words in his throat.

"...Oh for fucks' sake, fine." Justin eventually choked up, almost immediately ashamed with himself. Chivalry until a point apparently. He was going to have to do a lot of self-reflection after what he did today. And he swore to god if Chie ever found out about this, he was literally going to rip Yosuke's skull out through his ass... Actually, know, that's uh... That's probably a little much. He was murdering Yosuke, not participating in a hardcore gay porno. No, just pulling the skull out would more than suffice. No assholes involved.

"All right then." Yosuke beamed with pride as he managed to bring Justin down to their level of filth and disgust. "Remember, only girls count for this, all right?" Yosuke remarked in an aside to Kanji. Justin in turn smacked Yosuke across the head. Hard. Yosuke probably should have seen that one coming; though he supposed that wouldn't make it hurt any less.

"You're still stuck on that? Dammit! Hell if I'm gonna lose this!" And with that, pretty much everyone ran off in search of a girl to hit on. Save Justin who stood there for a moment sighing in disbelief. He should have never said yes. He wasn't sure if the losing conditions for Kanji applied for all of them, but he had no intention of risking it. He rubbed at his temples before walking around in search of someone. Anyone really; he could care less who, he just needed someone to write some digits down.

He eventually came across two girls talking in front of a café on the west side of the station; they were both very loud and obnoxious, and from the looks of it, they had

a superiority complex. Justin would have picked pretty much anyone else, but from the looks of it, all the other guys had them covered. Which meant these were the only people available. Just Justin's luck. He groaned a bit as he slowly made his way up to the two.

"And that guy trying to pick me up was such a loser. That nose piercing of his made him look like such a cow." One of the girls remarked in the bitchiest way possible. It seemed Kanji had already made a pass at one of their numbers, and failed miserably from the looks of it. Justin sighed as he continued pressing forward. It wasn't TOO late to back out. But alas, he had to. For his dignity... Actually, it would probably be more dignifying not to compete; but that was beside the point.

"That sounds awful! What did he think he was, Inaba beef?" Well that was certainly one Justin hadn't heard before. He was not looking forward to this conversation; not one bit.

"Um... Excuse me ladies." Justin choked up, trying to get their attention. Well he certainly got it; along with all their anger and fury if the glare he was getting was any indication. He was already regretting it. Maybe he could just pretend he lost his wallet and was going to ask them if they had seen it- What was he thinking? These were the kind of people that would keep it if they found it. He'd probably get bitched out no matter what he said now.

"What the hell? Who are you? Are you hitting on us?" One of the girls shouted at Justin. Clearly she was a bit paranoid. Justin shrunk back slightly. He was absolutely not hitting on her, nor would he have any intention. He just needed some digits. Any digits would suffice. He'd even take their house number if that's what they wanted. Just so long as they included their zip code in the mix so that he could make out a full number with it.

"...No. No I was not." Justin clarified; very much embarrassed to be where he was right now. Now would be the time to run if he still wanted to survive.

"Well... He is kinda cute." The other girl spoke to the more flamboyant one; apparently oblivious to the fact that Justin had no intention of hitting on the two. He just needed some goddamned digits. He didn't even intend to call them. I mean, surely they could just write SOMETHING down, right? His face grew redder as they talked about his appearances as though he wasn't even there. He should have expected that out of girls like these. "We're not doing anything right now, so maybe we could hang out."

"I haven't seen you around. Where do you live?" The other girl immediately cut Justin off as he tried to explain to them that he really had no intention of sticking around. He was just hoping one of them would have the kindness of playing along with his little charade. He'd pay them if that's what they wanted; after all, they

seemed to be the kind of people that only cared about money. Fucking rich girls. Or... was it bitch girls? Same thing now that Justin thought about it.

"Oh... uh... I live near the shopping district in Inaba-"

"Inaba he says! What a redneck! That's too funny!" The girls started laughing hysterically as they mocked his current location of residence. Justin's cheeks turned bright red almost immediately. This was not bringing back pleasant memories of his childhood; though usually it was the guys who did this to him... Actually, now that he thought about it, it was ALWAYS the guys. He had never once been bullied by a girl. This was certainly a new experience for Justin; and not a pleasant one at that.

"I didn't know being British made you a redneck..." Justin mumbled. Yeah, technically his heritage was American, but he figured they'd still call him a redneck if he said that. At least the English had some bloody class. The girls didn't pay him the slightest bit of mind though. They didn't care about his heritage, only where he was living right now. And apparently all country-folk were red necks. Justin kind of wished Chie was here, she wouldn't stand for this shit. She'd also kick Justin's ass for trying to get their number, but maybe he needed a good ass-kicking right now.

"I heard Inaba's so dead, the farm animals have taken over! Four legs good, two legs bad!" The two continued mocking him and the entirety of Inaba. He could feel his stomach twisting in knots as they didn't even bother to try and hide their derogatory remarks from him. Even Ai wasn't this bad. She was a bitch, but she would never stoop so low as to insult an entire town, to call everyone inside it animals. Justin wasn't really sure to react. Usually he gave Ai crap back when she was being a bitch, but you could tell she didn't mean it. In fact, she didn't even care when Justin gave her crap back; she seemed almost pleased that someone was taking a stand against her bitchiness, so it worked out. But these two? They meant it. Justin had never actually been this insulted by a girl before. He wasn't even sure if he COULD give these girls shit back. Especially not if he wanted them to cooperate. Instead, he was just stuck their mortified by the two girls getting their shits and giggles out of Justin's embarrassment.

"That's like that book!"

"...Animal Farm?" Justin questioned. Maybe if he knew what they were talking about they'd back off. Of course, they didn't care that Justin read the same book they had, it didn't prove that he was there equals. They still saw him as some sort of lower class human, unworthy of their time or attention. God, this was exactly why Justin hated the rich. So full of themselves that they thought they were on another plain of existence.

"Let me hear you squeal, country boy!" One of the girls finally barked straight at him, not even passing their insults back and forth between each other anymore. They were going directly after their victim, like sharks chasing a bloody otter.

Justin's mouth was slightly ajar, a slightly hurt expression on his face. He had seen shadows, he had seen demons, he had seen bullies, he had seen the mafia. Never had he seen anything quite as evil as these two girls.

"...What is this, the Deliverance?" Justin remarked snidely as the two stared at him with malice and ill-intent in their eyes. They wanted to see this kid squirm, just some toy that they were playing around with to get their sick kicks. The two made some slight piggish noises themselves as they tried to coax Justin into it. It was taking every fiber of Justin's being not to turn around, breaking down in tears. He had always thought girls were above this stupid shit; that's why a majority of his friends WERE girls. He never thought that a girl would make him want to cry the way the kids back in California did.

"Whatever you Inaba people do to keep your pig overlords happy! I bet you're one of the pigs' pets in Inaba!" Alright, that was about all Justin could take of these... monstrosities from hell. He would have just walked away, but alas, he did have business. And he was just going to cut to the chase, because if he didn't get that number in the next five seconds, he was going to strangle someone.

"...Look, will you two please shut your fucking mouths for two seconds?" Justin choked up, rage and sorrow in his voice. That sure as hell shut those girls up, though they also didn't take having their shit thrown back at them as well as Ai did. Oh, they were livid. How dare this country pig talk back to them, after all? "All I need is for you to write down a number. It doesn't have to be your real number, just some number so I can get my friends off my back. Can you do that, or are you two busy sitting on your goddamn thrones?" Justin continued to scold the two, pleading desperately for them to write something down. The two girls stared at him for a moment, very visibly furious.

"...Pfft, whatever." One eventually spoke up after a while, scribbling a fake number down on a piece of paper for Justin and shoving the crumpled up piece of paper into his palm before storming off. They had better things to do than let some country swine lecture them after all. Justin sighed in relief as he read the number off. It looked pretty real, even though he knew it was fake. It had to be after he had outright insulted those two. He stared at it for a moment before heading back to the rendezvous point. It was a good two or three minutes before everyone had gathered to show off their prizes.

"...How'd it go?" Yosuke questioned as Kanji rejoined the group, a less than promising expression on his face. He seemed confused and all around disappointed. Which was a good thing for Justin, it only meant he wouldn't be the one running around the town in his boxers. Well that's what he thought at the time anyway. By the time all was said and done, it appeared everyone had forgotten the losing conditions; which completely pissed Justin off. He had gone through hell over literally nothing.

“Not as well as I hoped.”

“I thought so...” Yosuke sighed. He hadn’t gotten the results he was expecting either, but he did get results all the same. And results are results; he wasn’t complaining anytime soon.

“Oh, but I did get a phone number from some chick who said to give her a call... Does that count?” Justin raised his eyebrow at Kanji’s question. Of course it counted; he got her number, didn’t he? So what was the problem exactly? Yosuke and Yu seemed almost shocked that Kanji got results though; as though he was completely unappealing to anything that resembled a woman.

“A girl hit on you!? What did she say!?” Yosuke eagerly started probing for details.

“Somethin’ like it only costin’ so much an hour, I dunno... What was she talkin’ about?” Okay, Justin could see the problem now. How in god’s name Kanji had managed to get a prostitute’s number, Justin would never know. And quite frankly, he was happy to be left in the dark on the matter. Ignorance is bliss after all. Still, that did leave Kanji with a potential herpes ridden piece of paper with a prostitute’s number on it. Not something you want lying around the house, that’s for sure.

“Kanji? Burn that number. Burn it and forget whatever you saw.” Justin commanded him. It seemed Kanji hadn’t really gotten the implications, but whatever it was, it was going to cost him money. He’d pass if there was a fee to whatever it was you were supposed to do when you call a girl up. Yosuke glared at Kanji, his jaw wide open with shock. I mean, how dense could Kanji be? There was no way that would count. He sighed after a moment before turning to Yu, who seemed more than pleased with his bounty.

“What about you, did you get anything?” Yu nodded slightly, a wide smirk on his face. Whoever said he couldn’t be a ladies’ man. Yosuke cheered up almost immediately; at least this one wasn’t a prostitute. At least... He hoped it wasn’t a prostitute. This could be one very clever whore passing her number around. Probably not though. “Way to go partner! Was it her cell? What kind of girl was it? C’mon, you should call her up! Please? ...Pretty please? PLEASE!?” Yosuke begged him to dial the number, much to Justin’s displeasure. He hoped they weren’t testing all these numbers, because otherwise, he was boned.

“How many times are you going to beg?” Kanji eventually interrupted Yosuke, having been very annoyed with Yosuke repeating the question for the twelfth time. It wasn’t convincing, it was just annoying. Of course, Kanji turned into a hypocrite within the time span of two seconds. “So, you’re gonna call her, right? ...Right?” Yu sighed after a moment, pulling his phone out of his pocket. He didn’t want to, but those two weren’t going to stop until he did.

"Fine, only if you stop asking..." Yu remarked with annoyance as he punched in the number. The four of them all stood there, listening to the phone in Yu's hand ring as it tried to connect to the other end. Much to their surprise and pleasure, the phone cut off after a few moments; no voicemail. He had successfully gotten through to whoever's number it was he had gotten.

"She picked up...!" Yosuke remarked with enthusiasm. Yu nodded a bit, confirming that he had in fact gotten a connection; though his face had almost immediately gone sour. Something wasn't quite right, you could tell just by the look on his face right now.

"Uh... Hello?" Yu questioned. He swore to god he got a girl's number, not a guy's. Maybe her father or brother had picked up the phone or something. Whoever it was, they were pissed. You could hear him a block away with the way he was screaming through that phone. And let me tell you something, everyone was very much afraid.

Oh, I get it... it's you, huh? You rat bastard! You're dead, shitbird! How dare you hit on my girl!? I'll rip off your head and spit down yer neck! You better not call again, got it!? Yu could not have flipped that phone close any quicker than he did. The look on his face suggested he was very much prepared to be struck down by whoever that was on the phone at any moment now. Everyone stared at Yu, mouths agape. Justin out right pulled the paper the number he had gotten was written on and ripped it in half. He didn't know whose number that could be, and he wasn't going to risk it. Yosuke seemed more than a little annoyed by that too.

"I could hear him from here..." Yosuke grimaced. He was just as afraid as Yu right about now. "And dude, what are you doing!" Yosuke turned to Justin, annoyed that he was ripping up the paper that housed the fake number he had. He was not risking it anymore, that was for sure. As much as Yosuke disapproved.

"I'm getting rid of these numbers before I get murdered." Justin remarked, dropping the shreds of paper he had ripped apart to the ground below him. Yosuke's eyes widened slightly at his choice of words. He hadn't said 'this number,' he said 'these numbers.' As in, multiple chicks. He was jealous if not outright pissed right now. He could have used those numbers if Justin wasn't going to.

"Numbers? Dude, how'd you do it!?" Yosuke probed for Justin's secret. Of course, there was no secret because those weren't real numbers. They were just fake scribbles those girls had written down so they could go on their merry way. Justin shrugged a bit as the wind picked up the remains of the shreds of paper the numbers had been printed down on.

"What can I say? I'm pretty fly for a white guy." Justin remarked sarcastically. "What about you; you get any numbers?" Justin questioned. A wide grin swept across Yosuke's face. Yes indeed he had; and he intended to dial this bad boy up almost

immediately. It was great knowing he was going to be the only one who got an actual number.

"Of course I did. One phone number, right here! Man, it wasn't easy, too. She was crazy hot." Yosuke boasted about his apparent success as he pulled out his phone, checking the number that he had written on the back of his hand with pen. He didn't have paper like the others, because unlike the others he didn't carry paper randomly around with him everywhere he went. Though to be fair, Justin wrote his down on a dollar bill. Yeah, he was starting to regret tearing that up a little bit. Oh well, wasn't like he was going to be able to use it here until he converted it to yen anyway. "I just had to push myself a little and go for a sexy, older woman. I hope you guys are ready for this!" Yosuke continued as his phone rang, connecting to the receiving end of the call. It rang for a moment before Yosuke smiled widely, having gotten through on the call. "Hello? It's me! Yep! The guy who asked you out on a motorcycle ride! Man, I can't wait... Huh? You know my name? Did I tell you? ...We do? That's impossible. I mean, you... Wait... That voice..."

Within seconds a wave of horror swept over Yosuke's face as he quickly hung up the phone. No one needed to hear the conversation to hear something horrible had gone wrong. Right now Yosuke had pretty much considered slamming his head against a wall until he bled out. What he had just heard had sent shivers down his spine like no other. This was what he got for trying his luck with the ladies. It just never seemed to work out in the end for him. But before it was just rejection. This was much scarier. It had to be a mistake, it just had to be... "Oh god, I am in such deep shit... D-Did I call the wrong number?" Yosuke muttered aloud as he tried to explain what could have possibly gone wrong.

"Make sure you didn't mix up any ones with a seven, and vice versa." Justin advised. He didn't know if Yosuke wrote his ones with that thing up top, but that could certainly be problematic if he was trying to tell the two apart. Yosuke shook his head a bit. There wasn't a single one or seven in the number, so it couldn't have been that. He probably just punched the number in wrong. He flipped the phone back open, trying the number a second time.

"O-One more try!" He declared as he held the phone back up to his ear, hoping for better results this time around. It took a moment, but the phone connected once more. And Yosuke didn't bother to be a little more cautious with his greeting this time. He went right back to that seductive tone he used when he tried to hit on the ladies. Bad move. "Hello? Its me!" Not even five seconds later, he had hung up again.

"...What the hell was that?" Kanji questioned in slight concern. This was not looking good right about now; that much was for sure. He had been close enough to hear the person on the other line this time though, and let me tell you, he wasn't very

comfortable with what he heard. "It sounded like a fiend from the pits of the earth... I could feel a chill go down my spine..."

"Forget about it... for your own sake..." Yosuke pleaded with them. He wouldn't have them be accomplices when... IT arrived. "This number is dangerous... It's better that you don't know what that was." Yosuke warned them. Justin passed a confused glance back and forth between everyone. He was very much concerned right now. Five bucks said he ended up calling one of their girlfriends by accident. Oh god that would be hilariously awful. The reality was significantly worse.

"Oh, you guys..." A deep voice called out from the distance, that heavy girl from the school campout making her way around the corner. It looked almost like she was spying on them. Whatever it was, it was horrifying. In fact, Justin threw his skateboard on the ground, ready to scam when Kanji blocked off his exit. Hos before bros apparently.

"Hanako...san!? Why're you here...?" Yosuke grimaced, backing away from her slowly. Now would be a good time to run, but alas, she had their bikes cut off from them. The only one who could scam right now was Justin, since his board was within reachable distance. It was just that Kanji refused to let him escape for whatever reason. Perhaps he figured that if they were going down, Justin was going down with them.

"The countryside's no place for a girl like me. I was taking a walk when suddenly I got a phone call. You're really into me, aren't you? A motorcycle date, huh..." The walking behemoth that was Hanako remarked flirtatiously. Justin damn near wanted to vomit. Flirting was bad enough without hearing it come from something like her. Yeah, nothing wrong with being chubby, just don't try to come onto us if you are, please.

"Well actually he's into-"

"Quiet you." Yosuke cut off Yu immediately, making a slight gesture of his head to Justin. Yu nodded his head slightly, having completely forgotten that Justin was in their presence right now. And just about how well he'd react to hearing Yosuke's love interest. There would be blood, let's just leave it at that.

"Well if you want to take a ride that bad, I'll go with you." Hanako declared, having noticed Yosuke's bike. Yosuke immediately started to panic. He didn't want her fatass anywhere near his bike. It would miss with his pheromones and all that crap. Yosuke called out to try and stop her as she hopped into the air, turning her behind around to land on the bike... And completely destroy it in the process. The group averted their eyes as Yosuke dropped down to his knees in pain, watching his dream smashed to pieces by this lardass.

"N-NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! M-My motorcycle...!" Yosuke was on the brink of tears, as he fell down to all fours. This had hurt him more than any shadow had over the last few months, that was for sure. Justin felt for the guy, really he did. He had been saving up for that for ages, and this bitch came along and broke it just by sitting on it. Justin bowed his head and placed his fist near his heart in memorial of Yosuke's bike.

"What's with this scooter? It's broken. If you want to take me out, you've got to do better than that. The best girls don't go steady for nothing, you know. You need to make an effort." Hanako remarked, looking around at the destruction she had caused. She was very clearly oblivious to... well everything.

"...Just... Leave the man to his mourning." Justin remarked, without so much as lifting his gaze from the bow he had entered but moments earlier to grieve for Yosuke's loss. It might have been a little over-dramatic, but then, when was ANYTHING they did less than that? Hanako pouted slightly before jumping off the remains of Yosuke's bike and storming off. It was quiet for a moment as Yosuke mourned over the remains of his once beloved bike.

"Am I cursed...?" Yosuke questioned. First there was the camping trip, then there was the movie tickets, now the bike. He must have pissed off some higher being that he was always getting into all this trouble. Just once, he'd like to get what he wanted. Was it so much to ask?

"Senpai, you fought well."

"We shall forever remember the day that Yosuke's bike was tragically taken from us. May motorcycle god have mercy on its mechanical soul."